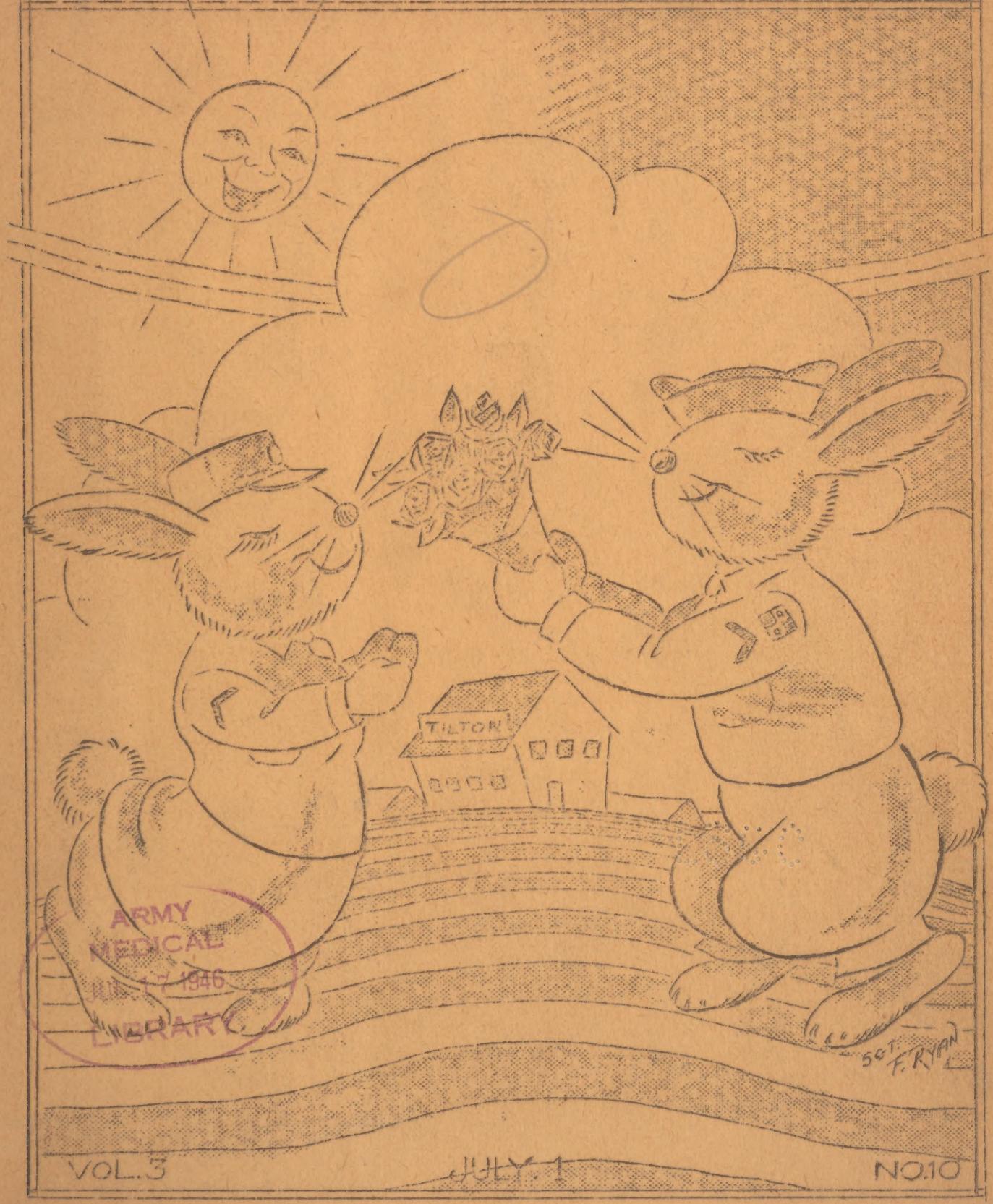


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INDEPENDENCE DAY

At no other time, perhaps, in the history of our country
have the words of the Declaration of Independence meant
so much; and at no other time have the forces of slavery
and oppression acted more ruthlessly for the destruction
of our American ideals.

In school days, we remember listening to the teacher ex-
plaining the significance of "Independence Day" and phra-
ses like "in the course of human events," "a decent re-
spect to the opinions of mankind," "endowed by their
Creator with certain unalienable rights"--beautiful ex-
pressions written by Thomas Jefferson.

Then, in those formative years, the lives of the makers
of America passed through our eager minds and we thril-
led at the old Liberty Bell hanging in the State House,
ringing out the news. We pictured George Washington
crossing the Delaware; Paul Revere rushing by in the
moonlight; Patrick Henry addressing the Virginia assem-
bly; Samuel Adams signing the Declaration ; Nathan Hale,
the Boy Patriot, spitting defiance in the face of death.

Today, those deeds are not only alive in the pages of
our history--they are flaming examples, and similar glo-
rious deeds are being enacted by the crusaders of the
second world war. Today, we are engaged to preserve the
"life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" which our fore-
fathers established, sacrificing all, even life itself.

This is a fateful period in history, as important as the
American Revolution; as inspiring as the heroic deeds
and the unselfish spirit of the forefathers. In this
167th year of our nation, we in the armed forces have
been chosen for a privileged role and, "ever grateful
for the prize," are striking tooth and nail to preserve
"the last, best hope of earth."

In every field of battle and "for future security" we
are matching steel with steel showing the Axis dictators
our superiority, training harder for their "uncondi-
tional surrender" while on the home front, the "Arsenal
of Democracy" turns out the equipment that will end ag-
gression for all peace-loving people of the world.

With the same spirit and inspiration of the Revolution,
with the same courage and faith of Independence Day, we
have united for the cause of freedom. To this end, we
too, as in that memorable July 4th of 1776, have mu-
tually pledged to each other "our lives, our fortunes,
and our sacred honor."

St. Sgt. Alfred Ciaburri

WAACS ARRIVE AT TILTON

TILTON GENERAL HOSPITAL WELCOMES ITS FIRST CONTINGENT OF THE WOMEN'S ARMY AUXILIARY

BY PFC. ROBERT L. GEIGER

CORPS

In the early hours of Monday morning, June 28, 1943, the first group of members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps arrived at Tilton General Hospital and took up quarters in the barracks set aside for them at the north end of the hospital grounds. Under the command of 1st Officer Bette F. Alter, of Toledo, Ohio, and 3rd Officers Nell T. Clements, designated Executive Officer, and Fannie S. White, Supply Officer, the Waacs have come from various training centers scattered across the United States with more on the way. Since their first few days of orientation and adjustment, the Waacs have been assigned to nearly every department in the hospital. Many of these women were trained as practical nurses, medical, surgical, and dental technicians in civilian life, and they have been selected specifically for work in Army hospitals. Some will be assigned to wards, some to offices such as Unit Personnel, the Registrar's, the Receiving and Disposition Office, Information, and Medical Supply. Other departments to which Waacs have been assigned are: X-Ray, the O.R., Dental Clinic, Laboratory, EENT Clinic, Dispensary, Pharmacy, Library, Physiotherapy, and some have been attached to the Motor Pool at the Garage. Most of these women will be doing the same work which they handled in civilian life. They will also be liable for emergency duty in whatever department they work. This group of the WAAC, is the first medical unit to have been sent into the field specifically for work in an Army hospital.

At Tilton, the Waac Detachment will be a part of the Medical Detachment except that it will have a separate administrative setup and will be known as the "1257-W SCSU." Working directly under the three commissioned officers in charge will be a staff of non-commissioned Waacs including a First Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, and Company Clerk all of whom will operate in the Waac administration building directly behind the barracks.

Waacs will have their own C.Q. and in most other respects will be organized just as the regular Medical Detachment. Waacs have the same duties in their Bks. as enlisted men do. They are responsible for the appearance of their bunks, foot-lockers, and clothes and will stand regular inspections. There are squads in each Barracks assigned to cleaning and policing details. The Hospital Inspector will conduct inspection of the Waac area on each Thursday along with the regular Detachment inspection."

* * * * *

The Waacs' Commanding Officer, Captain Bette F. Alter, was one of the first women to go through the WAAC Officer Candidate School at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, when the Corps was organized. She joined in August, 1942 as an Officer Candidate and was commissioned Third Officer (2d Lt.) when she graduated. She was placed in charge of the WAAC Dispensary at the Fort Des Moines processing center and handled physical examinations and first aid treatment. Captain Alter is a registered nurse and is well-suited for the job which was given her.

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Continued on next page

WAACS ARRIVE AT TILTON:

Following her work at Fort Des Moines, Captain Alter was made Executive Officer of the 157th Hospital Unit at Des Moines with which she was sent to Camp Rustin, Louisiana where she was Adjutant of a Waac unit. From there, she came to Tilton.

Capt. Alter is from Toledo, Ohio and as a registered nurse in civilian life, supervised an operating room in a Richmond, Va. hospital. She also had nursing experience in Baltimore, Maryland, and at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. She is fond of dancing, horseback riding, and reading, none of which she has much time for any more. Also likes rare steak, such a remote treat that we won't even dwell on it. Captain Alter strikes us as being efficient and business-like, knowing her job and how to do it.

from the Det. G.O. "COOPERATION"

It seems to me that there is no word which is more important to people in all fields of endeavor than "cooperation." Without it there would be chaos and disaster. No single person or group is self-sufficient anywhere in the world. We are all interdependent and interdependence inevitably means cooperation.

In time of war, cooperation becomes even more essential. Cooperation in industry creates the products and tools of total war. Cooperation in the armed services distributes and uses these supplies to the best advantage. Only cooperation in actual fighting can win battles.

cooperating
Perhaps it is sometimes easier for us to understand the value of cooperation in terms of front-line necessity than it is in terms of our own jobs right here at Tilton. But in every way, cooperation in all the work we must accomplish here is vital and in all respects is no less essential than that out closer to the enemy. The failure of even one man to cooperate, even in minor tasks, not only means that his link in the chain which pulls the load has weakened, but that the spirit of the other men working with him is injured because they know someone is falling down on the job. Full cooperation can work wonders in any undertaking and in the army it means doing what is required of you by your commissioned and non-commissioned officers and, sometimes, doing just a little bit more than is required.

As your new Detachment Commander, I feel confident that I can count on your full support in whatever duties we undertake, and by so doing derive real satisfaction from the knowledge that everyone pitched in and helped.

E. A. HOWARD
2d Lt., MAC
Commanding



INVEST

IN

NATIONAL

SERVICE

LIFE

INSURANCE

NOW

FROM A WOMAN "WARRIOR"

by T5G JERRY SPIEGLER, WAAC.

Stepping from the train-tired and dirty a few days ago, you, the men of Tilton General Hospital, frankly gazed at us, and we in turn studied you. In the dim light of early morning, as we marched to our quarters our first impression was a good one; we were glad to be here. This is, for most of us, our first venture from WAAC Training Centers into the field and the desire to fit into an organization is foremost in our mind

After living amid sand, dust, and extreme southern humidity, the greeness of the woods and the trees were a pleasant sight. Our barracks, -our living conditions in general surpassed expecatations. The fact that we arrived tired and found our beds made, soap in the showers and breakfast was a genuine pleasure and enough to warm the cockles of our female hearts. Knowing that the WAAC is completely feminine, the general public finds it difficult to picture women leading the rust life of soldiers, and truthfully we have encountered many difficulties in the process of training, but with it all most of us have become so removed from the general run of a female existence that life as presented here at the Tilton General Hospital is luxurious. Our reception from the Post personnel and from all with whom we have had contact has been to our delight. The prospect of a fully equipped day-room and other recreational facilities gives our entire future life here a rosy aspect.

The officers, Captain Bette Alter, Lt. Fannie White, and Lt. Nell Clements, the non-commisioned officers, and the auxiliaries in this company anticipate that our life and our work here is definitely tinged with the full flavor of a challenge. Like all our WAAC sisters, we are a part of a new and unique organization destined to render a definite service during the period of war. The WAAC's are mere infants in the art of soldiering, and quite naturally our errors still demand jurisdiction and tolerance. We are anxious and willing to play the game, abiding by all your rules, and we hope that the positions we will fill at the Tilton General Hospital will be to your complete satisfaction.

RAMBLINGS

GENERAL TERRY VISITS TGH: Tilton was honored last week when Major General Thomas A. Terry, Commanding General, Second Service Command visited the post on a tour of inspection.

CPL. RONNIE KAUSNER LEAVES: One to Tilton's older guard and a grand fellow to boot is leaving for Quartermaster OCS at Camp Lee, Virginia today and he will be missed.

Ronnie, one of the longest inhabitants of Bks 1 and a very well-known figure around the post, was active in many activities aside from his work. He is an excellent pianist and organist and was one of the three original members of what is

now the Tilton General Hospital Orchestra. Ronnie was also a staff member of "Tilton Talk" for over a year. He worked as the Chaplains' Assitant until several months ago when he transferred to the PX office. Everyone at Tilton wishes Ronnie the best of luck at OCS.

Amid the rush and excitement of putting the last issue to press, we failed to give credit where it was due. The effort of the Officers' Mess staff in making the Munnikhuysen-Turnbull wedding a success was not unimportant. S/Sgt. John J. Tremark, Sgt. Albert Franzson, Pfc Raymond Miller, and the staff were highly praised by Major E.A. Hanna, Mess Officer.

"TILTONIA"

INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ERRICKSON: Officially Mrs. Edna Errickson is known as secretary to the Station Surgeon, or as Receptionist in the Dispensary. Yet when you go to sick call you soon realize she is more than that, for in her presence you see a kind and sympathetic person as well.



Mrs. Errickson's main hobby is her work here at Tilton and her country life as mother wife, and farmer. She knits and has a flower garden, gathering a neat bouquet each morning to place on her desk in the dispensary. Our friendly receptionist likes people with "wonderful dispositions" —those friends of hers—unknown great people, who despite setbacks, have a harmonious outlook on life.

Mrs. Errickson, lovely mother of a lovely daughter, Jeqn, who works here at Tilton, says her secret ambition is to milk a cow successfully. Her favorite dish is chicken salad, and she is scared to death of the threatening "dive-bombing" of a mosquito.

She says that her attitude toward life is a matter of fact. But surely in a friendly way. Her philosophy of "I just live" means a great deal. You feel that she knows the importance and privilege of living without taking life too seriously. Mrs. Errickson is happy just

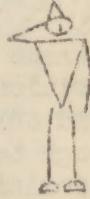


to enjoy the simple things like a walk in solitude, the touch of a fragile flower. You seem to know that she realizes how foolish complaining and worry are when there is so much in life to be thankful for.

Outside the Dispensary stands a large tree with creamy puffs of white flowers. Now and then tiny specks of silky whiteness fall to the ground. This soft scene reflects Mrs. Errickson's quiet spirit.

(L.L.)

WELCOME TO THE DETACHMENT COMMANDER:



The soldiers of the Medical Detachment welcome our new Company Commander, Lt. E. A. Howard. Not just an official G. I. welcome from our small brotherhood but a keen wish to express our friendship for a soldier who was one of us—an enlisted man.

Lt. Howard will find, now that he has crossed the threshold of Company Commander, we will continue to put forth every effort to cooperate smoothly and eagerly. We are proud to serve under the spirited leadership of Lt. Howard. We admire his honest talk, his sympathetic smile, his fair ways, and wish all success in his new duties.

* * * * *

ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS; ADIEU: To Lt. J. C. Christman, our former Detachment Commander, Staff Sgt. Ray Coltri, and all the fellows who left with him, we wish them best of luck and success. They were a fine group of fellows and will be sincerely missed by all their friends here at Tilton. See you after Victory, guys.



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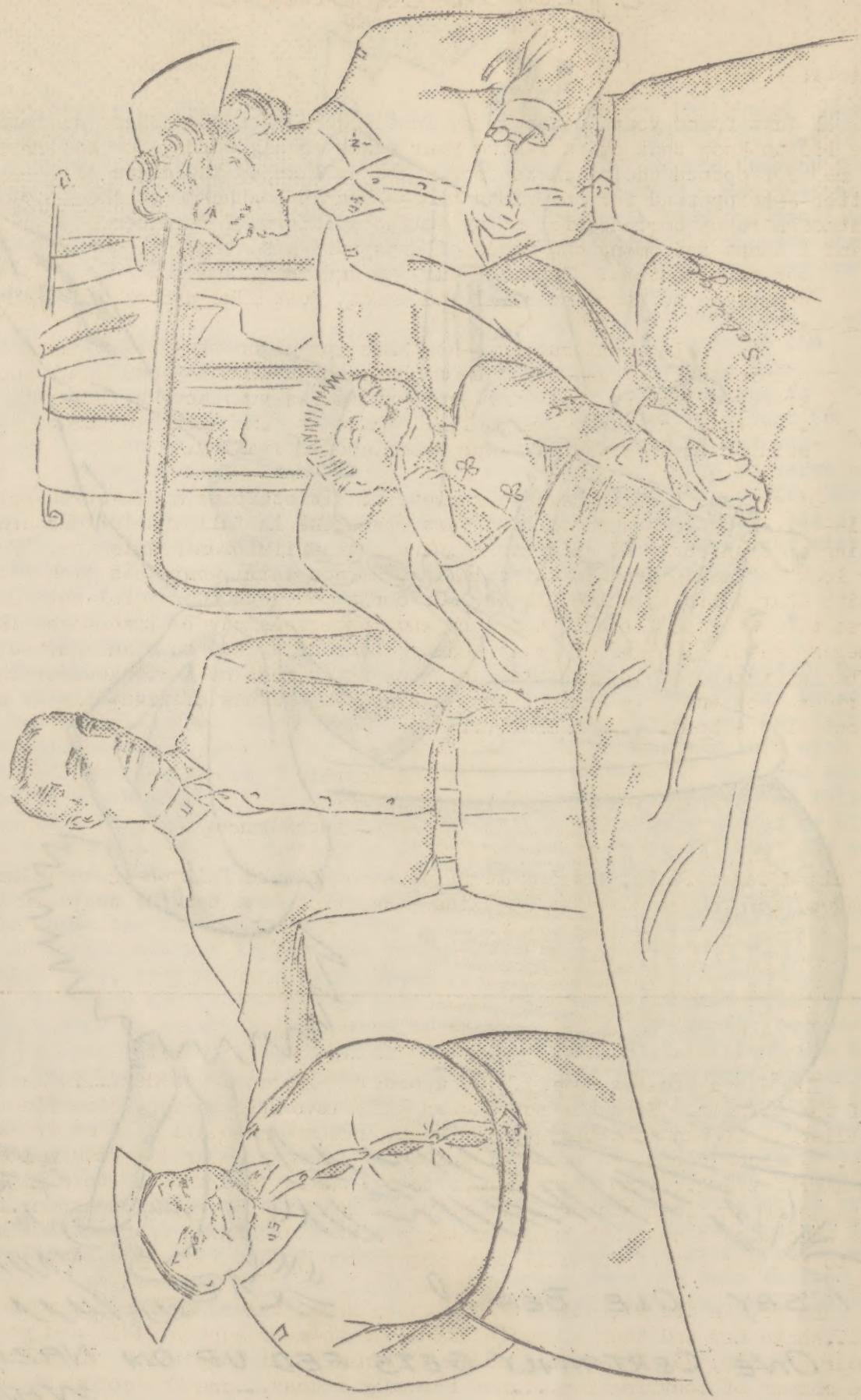
SPORT SLANTS: Sports news is a little slack this time partly because of forfeited games. Tilton won two forfeits but they were rescheduled and played later since the sport is the thing and not so much the standing in the league. One game was played however, when Tilton lost to the 90th General Hospital on June 18 by a score of 5-0. Pvt. White is still holding up the pitching staff pretty well, and Charley Korn has been shifted from 2d to 3rd and is doing well there.



I SAY OLE BEAN!

ONE CERTAINLY GETS FED UP ON NAZIS,
WHAT?

SET.
F. RYAN

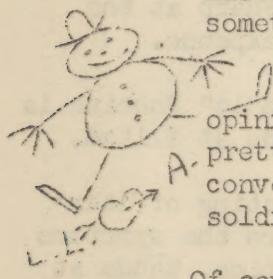


NOW THAT YOU'VE BROUGHT HIS PULSE UP TO NORMAL, YOU MAY GO BACK TO YOUR OWN WARD, AND LT. LITTLE WILL TAKE OVER.

Longo's Letter

Dear Angela:

I just found your letter in my footlocker. Not that there was need to open the lid to know that there rested your eager lovely words, for the fragrance came to me as I opened the barracks door. Now as I enjoy the charm of your letter---being read for the sixth time---and as I chuckle at the jovial atmosphere of comradeship, of my fellow soldiers, I remember as you and I sauntered among the trees of Prospect Park, truly a museum of nature. Remember our pet squirrel, and how sometimes he stood so still and erect, just like a book end?



I recall summer---how kids sprawl on the ground, chalking opinions all over---how mothers hang out the wash---how fresh and pretty the girls look (not as beautiful as you) how the lazy night conversations sooth everything. These are the American things we soldiers must preserve. Our dreamland of reality.

Of course, I still have your picture! It occupies my favorite spot on the wall---right between a photo of Arturo Toscanini in full and furious ardor conducting an orchestra and calendar showing a beautiful woman swimming. But I never look her way. Speaking of swimming, do you still wear that pink bathing suit, with that delicate white flower? Or don't you go to Coney Island? Remember the first time we rode through that dark and mysterious cave? That night the world began again! A night of great beauty, even if we had to stand in the subway. Then we talked of the night's fun: how Cupid must be a stockholder in those clever rides---how that big woman faught against the gushes of wind---how we nearly tipped out of the boat. ...Remember.....

Sincerely

Pfc. Lucas Longo

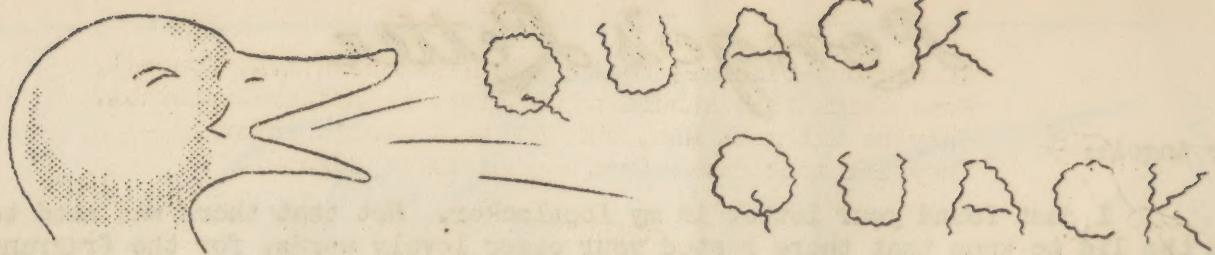
P.S. I close regretfully; fearing least some crude word fall on these solemn pages, for the soldiers are telling jokes with that tang of delicate intimacy.

L.L.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAACS

The Waacs finally came...like a cool breeze on a hot day...in the early hours of the morning. Even the sun had an early reveille to see these fine American soldiers. It was something new in camp, and human beings like to break monotony. Without words, we were all united in courage. Our Top Kick walked with an alert spring....the Waacs were a tonic....modern pioneers who will live in the pages of American history. There was a spirit of honest fun around....as when one Waac picked up a baseball and threw a perfect strike (perfect for a lady, anyhow) to the members of the ball team practicing in the fire road outside barracks #1.

Later, in the PX, soldiers and Waacs drank cokes, smoked cigarettes, talked....while now and then a Waac would leave to make a phone call and you could hear, "Hello, Ma, I'm stationed at Tilton General Hospital." Night came with the murmur of conversation....new friendly sounds...and the soldiers and Waacs felt a sharper bondage...new faith to march ahead to victory...



UP AND UP THEY GO: Thursday, June 17th, brought rain from the heavens and promotions from Washington. For "Ace" Dunlap the gold has turned to silver and he has now joined the Lt. Colonels' file (his ball playing had nothing to do with it). While Ed Hanna, our Director of Dietectics, is now being addressed as Major along with our Adjutant, John Baldes. Tea and crumpets were served at 5:00 sharp at the Officers' Lounge and everyone had a swell time at the promotees' expense.

From Valley Forge we hear that our old friend "Uncle Muddle" Robbins is now a Lt. Colonel. Congratulations, Charles, from all your friends at Tilton.



AS YOU WERE: On a recent inspection tour, the inspecting officer (No names mentioned) asked one of the jeeps, "What are the symptoms of a cold, Private?" The soldier, standing at attention, hands at his sides, dog tags out, eyes straight ahead, answered without hesitation, "Sir, there are four symptoms of a cold, two I forgot and the other two are unknown."

ALL IS FORGIVEN: Lt. Colonel Sanner, noted for his painless extractions, removed a tooth for one of the officer's little girls. That night while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say, "and forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

NOSE GAY: Captain John J. Conley of the E. E. N. T. Clinic is not only nose conscious surgically but also artistically. His latest nose-o-portrait is on display in the Clinic and he sure nose a knows.



AND WHEN IT'S OVER: Colonel S. Jay Turnbull: Thirty odd years I've given to this outfit, I shall be Florida bound just to sit, sit, and.....sit. Lt. Colonel Henry Cotton: Let me forget all the ARs and administrative strife, to go back to my

psychoes and lead a normal life. Major Edward Hanna: Just give me back my doctor's kit, let the Army starve, I won't care a bit.

Major Marshall Bruce Stewart: Let me be a student once more, there's nothing else I could ask for. Captain Alexander Frediani: Give me a rod, a gun, and lots of time, without forever having to toe the line. Captain Merton N. Flanders: Oh, to spray once more a runny snout, 10 forms and 7 carbons not having to fill out. Major Emile Stoloff: Let the VAF take all the psychoes, I say, I'll

sit in my office and make Freud pay. Lt. Harold Press:

Oh, for a surgeon's life again to be mine, and only to a check my name to sign.



EVERYONE'S DOIN' IT: Wedding bells rang out on Wednesday, June 23rd, for Farrel Harmon, Lee's assistant and Miss Camilla Mae Moore. We thought Farrel had changed his expression.....a little!!

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Though our baseball team reads like the A.M.A. Journal,
Some think they should stick close to matters internal.
They're all good MDs, but the ball team's infernal -
They all look rank, from shavetail to Colonel.



CHORUS

Let the ball roll, let the ball roll,
Just let it roll where it may.
Let the ball roll, let the ball roll,
It has to stop some day.



There's dear CAPTAIN BERMAN, who loves to keep fit,
He went charging to third on SI KATZ' one base hit,
Ran smack into BRANT, who was waiting a bit,
And knocked out poor "SNOWSHOES" - quick HENRY, the flit!

CHORUS (Repeat)



There's COLONEL AL MILLER, so suave and so fleet,
He's hardly the type that would run in the heat.
He plants himself firmly, digs in with his cleat,
And does all his fielding between his two feet.



CHORUS (Repeat)

There's "COACH" HAROLD HERMANN, the noblest Roman;
His natural calm is a very good omen,
He digs up the nattiest rigs to run home in,
And catches all flies aided by his abdomen.

CHORUS (Repeat)



There's FLANDERS who pitches or catches in Panama hat,
Least said, soonest mended, regarding that.
And BERK, the G.I. Man, who toys with the bat,
And only plays baseball to sweat off some fat.



CHORUS (Repeat)

They just don't seem able to roll up a score.
Against the 90th, the Pool, or even the Air Corps.
We think they look silly and what's more,
We advise them to stick to the Medical Corps.

FLASH! As we go to press Captain "Juice" Frediani is being initiated into the mysteries of trout fishing by our CO, Colonel S. Jay Turnbull, and Lt. Colonel Hermann, in the trout infested waters of northern New York. Captain Frediani is taking along his bass equipment just in case the trout "ran yesterday." All repercussions, fish stories, etc., from the above expedition will be carried in our next issue.

Be seen' you.

"Doc" Duck

Whispers, SGT. JUDGE

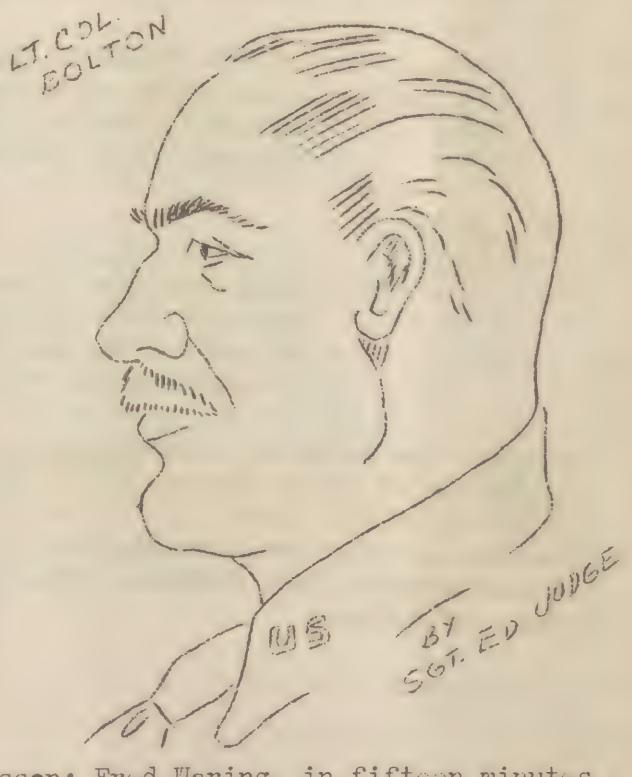
A hundred and sixty two enlisted men, six WAAC's and a handful of officers, all attached to Special Service offices in Posts throughout the Second Service Command, attended the first conference of its kind ever held in the history of the Army of the United States...A conference on how to be a director of soldier entertainment, how to conduct song-fests, games, blackouts, musical revues, and every phase of soldier theatricals. The stage was the Special Service Branch conference room at 52 Broadway, New York City...The time was June 15, 16, and 17.

The thoroughly organized conference explored every angle of soldier theatricals, and was designed with the purpose of stimulating self-entertainment in off-duty hours in any theater of operations in the world, as well as imparting the value of "showmanship" when applied to any other Special Service activity.

Under the sponsorship of Major General Thomas A. Terry, Commanding General, Second Service Command, who recently stated that "The full value of Special Service programs cannot be realized until a wide-spread understanding of what Special Service has to offer every soldier in the army is thoroughly understood," this one phase of Special Service was explored microscopically. Headquarters supplied a complete kit of material containing over forty original ideas created by the Special Service Staff, including instructions on the proper use, as well as a host of top-ranking members of the theatrical profession to act as tutors during the three day instruction period.

Under the direction of the Chief of Special Service in the Second Service Command, Lt. Col. William R. Bolton, the fast moving agenda was supervised by Captain Hy Gardner, Chief of the Entertainment-Recreation Section. The Captain also acted as master-of-ceremonies, introducing experts in their field who had volunteered to teach the enlisted men the various "tricks of the trade."

Nationally known performers and technicians, famous for their knowledge of the art which makes for laughter and successful entertainment, appeared before the soldier-audience, not to "entertain," as Captain Hy Gardner carefully explained, "but to teach trade secrets which they have gathered over a period of years, to the enlisted men who promote soldier entertainment." Ed Sullivan spoke on Showmanship; Jimmie Durante taught the soldiers how to imitate Durante in one easy lesson; Fred Waring, in fifteen minutes



WHISPERS CONTINUED

displayed his genius in the organization of glee clubs; Harry Hershfield; Milton Berle; Jan Murray; Sheila Barrett; Henny Youngman; Dick Gilbert; Bob Shaw; Eddie Davis; Russell Markert; Bill Hardy and his Gay Nineties Revue; Sammy Birch; Bob Hawk, and Robert Weitman were among those who gave instructions and helpful hints to the assembled embryo-soldier-directors.

Using the kit containing original material created by the Headquarters staff, demonstrations were given which proved, not only the value and necessity of soldier entertainment as a morale factor, but how "showmanship in the army" may be successfully used in connection with other phases of Special Service activities.

How to achieve maximum entertainment value, and impart military information pertinent to the training of efficient soldiers, was demonstrated in a new game called "Bugle and the Bird," a G.I. version of Truth and Consequences; how to start and lead a "sing"; warm up an audience; pace a show; form a glee club; present a complete musical show on the back of a truck; scenic ideas;... were only a few of the items augmented by scripts and material which fully explained everything that took place at the conference.

Captain John J. Morrissey, Musical Advisor for the Second Service Command, supervised the musical portion of the program.

Through questionnaires given to the men attending the conference, it was learned that many were also on the staff of the camp, post or station newspaper. Lt. Michael J. Wardell, editor of MORALE MINUTES, the Second Service Command Special Service Bulletin, covered the subject as well as introduced how showmanship may be applied to the camp paper to insure an interesting and well-read circulation. Tips were given on how to use showmanship to sell Education, Entertainment, Insurance, Bonds or any other Special Service feature which will benefit the soldier or the service.

Now that the men have the material and the knowledge of how to organize and produce soldier entertainment, Officers and enlisted men of the Headquarters Special Service Branch will go into the field to further assist each Post in activating the program outlined.

The material and information contained in the three day enlisted men's conference is in recognition of the Commander-in-Chief's statement: "Entertainment in Peace is invaluable; in War--Indispensible."

G.I. FALLS OUT OF PLANE, PARACHUTES TO SAFETY: Brookley Field, Ala. (CNS)-----
When Lt. C. W. Goldsbaugh landed his Army dive bomber here the other day after a routine flight from St. Louis, he was flabbergasted to find no one occupying the rear gunner's seat in the plane. Cpl. Lester Kennison had been sitting there when the bomber left St. Louis.



Cpl. Kennison, it developed, had fallen out of the plane during a bank eight thousand feet over Waynesboro, Mississippi and then had parachuted to safety. He was unhurt save for scratches.

LEAVES

FROM A NOTEBOOK

S.SGT. ALFRED CIABURRI

The Tilton serenade.....

The big news this wk, of course, is the arrival of the WAACs...with the boys in khaki rolling those eyes at the girls in khaki...Wedding bells for Pvt. John A. Veen, of the MPs, and Betty E. Stephen, of Oswegatchie, New York???.Sgt. Larry Isaacs, of the Registrar's O., would like to thank his many friends, thru this column, for their wedding present...On the honor roll this issue: Sgt. Louis Sachs, and Pvt. Richard H. Robin---proud to become amer. citizens....The new addition to the TT family: Jerry Spiegler, of the WAACs....Pfc Murray Eder (he plays drums in the orchestra) tells us that his "Bronx flame," Lil Fried will join the WAVES shortly...We read somewhere: "Genuine happiness is a by-product of self-forgetful service to others"....



A letter just in from S/Sgt Aurelio Coltri: Says Ray..."Our comedy team here is Golub and Spadafora...They are fine boys and are doing their best to keep our spirits high...Tell Doris I miss her"....Also a letter from Milt Levine, now at OCS in Virginia..."You'll pardon the hurried handwriting," says the cand., "but that's how everything is done here...I think the schedule is based on a 26-hr. day, and the main idea is to keep hoppin' to make up the extra time....I have just completed my third week...Come on down---it's really very entertaining...You'll love it, I'm sure" ????????



Tiltonesque: The wind teasing the grass with playful strokes...The butterflies in flight here and there...making a pattern of harmonious colors...The bird house on the roof of Ward 27...The activities in the C.Q. office---with sooo many soldiers into one little place...The cozy, old-fashioned bell on the entrance of the nurses qtrs...The WAACs here, adding that domestic touch...The jeep from the RC who halts coming to the stop sign on the road...The two signs in the Officers' Mess: "Will be closed on the day of Hitler's funeral"..."Eat light, feel right; pay your taxes, beat the Axis."...



Snapshots: Pfc. Richard (Gasey) Casserino extending motherly love on a new pet--a turtle ...Lt. E. A. Howard, the new Det. CO, 'on the beam' in rear of bks one, as the boys chopped down that dead tree...Lt. I. Perlmutter, the diatician, waving goodbye to her friends....Hanna Rickets, Jr. Cook (Nurses' Mess) we hear, is known for her delicious ice cold tea...Just right on these warm days...(Howzabout some?). Pvt Larry Burri, with this on pay day: "Pvts are the backbone of the army"....Pfc. Bob Geiger, who does such good work as our assistant, left his heart in Paterson...Wedding bells when?????...Pvt Larry Lorgan, reminiscing with this one: "We had a guy who had to use a bed nine feet long...Brother, that was a lot of bunk"....Bill Norvell of the Post Office, remarking that the only difference between today and Graddma's time is that an old-time mosquito could only bite girls on the face and hands....



LEAVES FROM A NOTEBOOK:

Things Tiltonian: Passing thunder, sounding as if somebody sat on a big watermelon and squashed it---the other evening...The new way conversation comes to the ears when one relaxes on the grass in the hot noon....The shades in Bks six, seven, and eight...The creamy, gilt-edged clouds saying goodbye as night comes....The mess supply ice truck making early deliveries to the wards and messes....The fine water-colors and sketches hanging in the Patients' Rec. Hall...The "red" sign of disappointment on the coke machine: EMPTY....The birds chirping in glorious harmony at each reveille...The Bulletin Board---heart of Tiltonian activity....

Pvt. Paul Dashiff, of the 90th Gen., has been entertaining the service men at Fort Dix....Paul and his group are really ok...Sgt. Julius Cohen, of the QM Detach., has always given a helping hand when things get tough in the TT Dept....and while on the subject of TT, Cpl. Bill Wolniak, of hq., aside from being a regular guy---has never yet refused our suggestion of working late to mimeograph the paper, with Cpl. George Cragg, also of hq...Soldiers of this type make our task easy and enjoyable...Didja see the ice box buck of the O's Mess---packed with delicious fruit and vegetables?.. Miss Catherine Ryan, Mrs. Lou Frey, and Miss Ruth Hencken celebrated their second anniversary at TGH last wk...True that many a man has acquired a huge vocabulary by marrying it?....

Short Story by Lengo: "It was my first date...I was 12 years old, and wearing long pants for the first time...She was a cute brunette who helped me with my home work...I met the young lady at two...We walked..She gave me half of her chewing gum....I purchased two tickets (with the only money I had)...we entered the movies, which was crudely referred to as the "Dumps."...We sat in the calm darkness...A man collected the tickets...He looked at my long pants and said, 'How old are you?'....."Twelve, sir'---'I'm sorry, ' he announced, 'you're older and those over 14 need adult tickets'....Sadly we walked out of the "Dumps" which deserved its name."....

Hurrah! for Cpl. Nat Dean, of the Plans and Training O., who found a wrist watch and immediately turned it in to the First Sgt....Before Ray Coltri who worked in the Registrar left, the girls gave him a party in Trenton, N.J...Ida Kesselman, Edith Leone, Florence Cohen, Doris Wagner, Mary O'Brien, Leona Seavey, Ellen McMahon, Edith Conley, and Ruth Hencken...It was nice of Lt. H.A. Press, the CO, Det. of Patients, to honor one of his Sgts with his presence that evening...Our topkick, Sgt. "Mike" McCarrell, has a magic way with one of the new kittens...She comes pronto when he calls her.....A grim reminder: No man is a hero to his wallet....

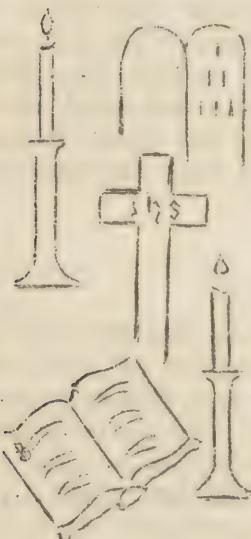
Sgt. Herman Faden tells about when he was in California..."I said to the Californian: What beautiful grapefruit"...He remarked, "Oh, those lemons are a little small"....Then we saw the Sacramento River, and I beat him to the punch saying, "Ah, somebody's radiator must be leaking."....The two Sgts-- Will Black and Fred Tripodo who are ever remarking, "Oh, God! You made the day tooo short!"....S/Sgt. Vincent J. Bowden, of the Personnel Office, who handles a tough job with tact and ability...Another Staff Sgt---Jerry Essayan will leave soon---another old timer passing from the Tilton scene....Bringing pleasant memories with them for their memory books....2d Lt. Vernon "Rip" Turner, former leader of the TGH dance orchestra, back looking neat in his new uniform after graduating from OCS...Luck to Ronnie Kaussner at OCS..

WITH THE CHAPLAIN

CHAPLAIN
GEORGE D. LESSLEY

Time is never lost when a locomotive stops to take on coal and water. By the same token a man does not waste his time by attending church. As the locomotive needs new fuel in order to pull its heavy load to a given destination, so does a man find himself in need of spiritual refueling in order to pull his daily load. The daily bread is certainly a necessity and our Lord spoke with insight and sincere conviction when he taught us to say, "Give us this day our daily bread."

When you attend Divine Services at the chapel be very sure that your time there is never lost.



SCHEDULE OF RELIGIOUS SERVICES-TILTON CHAPEL

CATHOLIC

Sunday
Saturday
Wednesday

Mass at 9:00 A. M.
Confessions at 4:00 P. M.
Mass at 5:00 P. M.

PROTESTANT

Sunday
Tuesday

Divine Worship at 10:00 A. M.
Evening Song Service at 7:45 P. M.

JEWISH

Friday

Worship Service at 5:45 P. M.

* * * *

WHY WERE THE SAINTS, SAINTS?

by

RUTH TAYLOR (from the Branford Review, Branford, Conn.)

Over my desk I have a motto which is to be a daily reminder of what is needed in these trying times. Let me share it with you.

"Why were the saints, saints? Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful; patient when it was difficult to be patient, and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all. It was quite simple and always will be."

The days of the saints are not past. The need for saintly people was never greater. The tragedy of defeat brings its own courage for movements of crisis, but the road upward to victory is honeycombed with pitfalls for the unwary. We need now and will need even more when we face the great problems ahead of us before peace is established, leaders and followers who are alike moved by unselfish devotion to the highest ideals.

We will have need of thoughtful people as well as those who know when to talk and when to be still. We will still have need of agreeable people, those who are trained in the habit of being kind and courteous even when tempted to be disagreeable. We will have need of self controlled people, those who will not fall into the traps of hatred toward any group, whether it be class or creed or color.

Call them saints if you will, it is those kind of people we will need, that we do need today; and it is the kind of sainthood that is within reach of everyone of us.

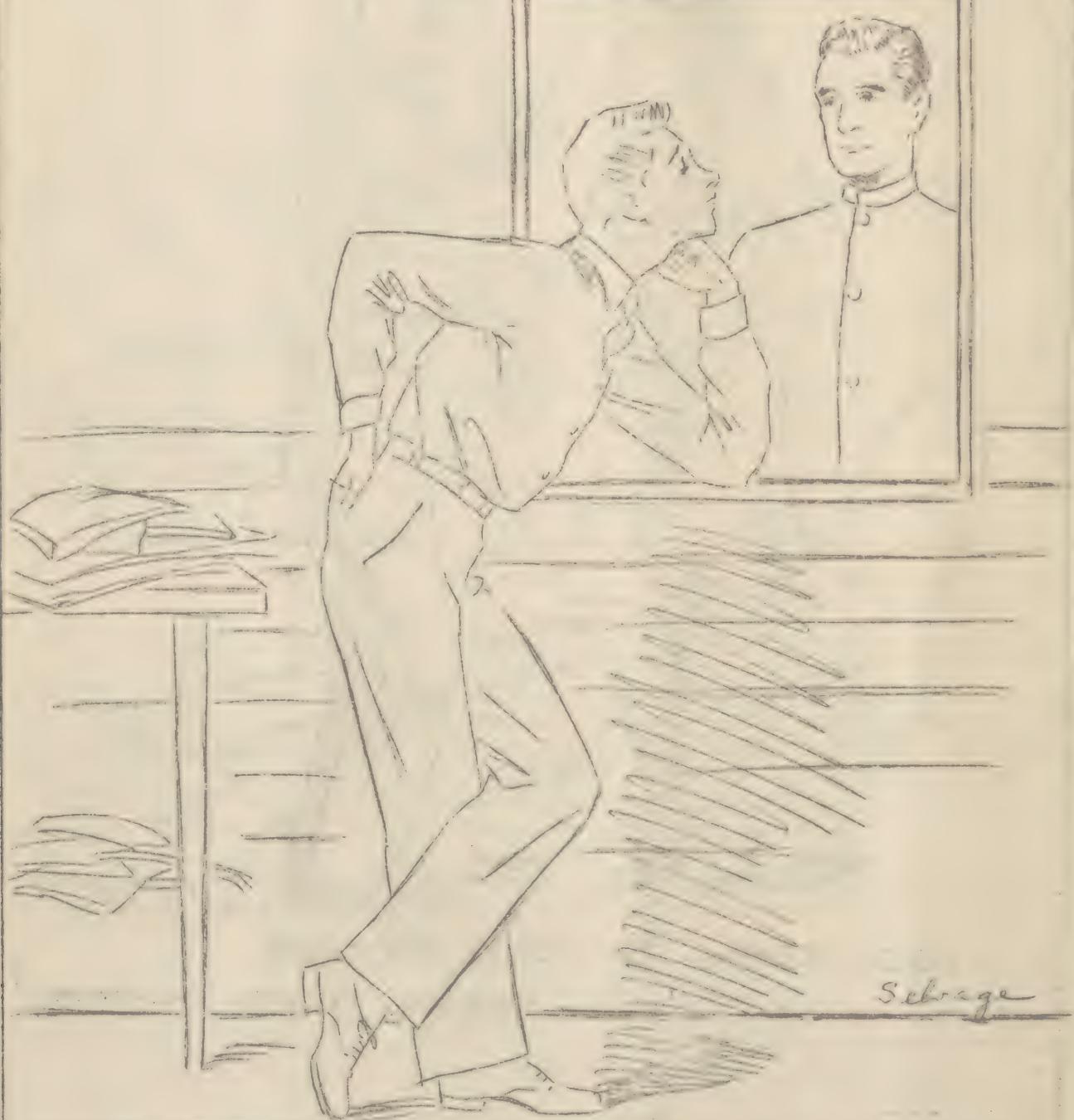


I'LL SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER,
IF YOU'LL SPEAK TO MY CAPTAIN!

"DENTAL CLINIC"

ALL
PATIENTS
REPORT
HERE

RECORD OFFICE



GRANT - "IN WHAT STATE WERE YOU BORN?"
PATIENT - "IN THE NUDE OF COURSE!"

The Librarian says:

Helen Z. Detweiler
Librarian

The land of enchantment may be far, far away in the minds of some. But consider for the minute, the land of enchantment and surprise right here in the confines of Tilton..... The Library. Here on the shelves, Dukes and Kings stand beside peasants and thieves. Heroes and villains are constantly at odds. People from the ages strive for popularity with the flesh and blood of the present. Detectives never cease tracking criminals. Yes, even lions, dogs, even tigers and elephants are waiting for you to make friends with them. These friends live in the books on the library shelves. They are waiting for you to make their acquaintance. Characters in books can become just as real as the people in this world. Won't you come and meet them?

And remember, if you cannot come to meet them, these people from the land of enchantment will come to you, via the Hospital Book Truck. Your ward is visited twice each week. Make your wishes known; these famous book friends will be glad to meet you:

Oliver Wiswell.....from "Oliver Wiswell" by Kenneth Roberts
Becky Sharpe.....from "Vanity Fair" by Thackeray
Studs Lonigan.....from "Studs Lonigan" by James Farrell
Captain Bligh.....from "Mutiny on the Bounty" by Nordhoff & Hall
Jane Eyre.....from "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Bronte
Scarlett O'Hara...from "Gone With the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell
Sherlock Holmes...from the detective stories of A. Conan Doyle
"Lad", a dog.....from the stories of Albert Payson Terhune

90TH GENERAL NEWS

T5g Richard Knowsley vows he returned from pass with twenty bucks. How is that possible when he left Camp with only ten? He must have been seeing dots before his eyes.

A bit of advice to S/Sgt. Phillips: You can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Likewise, you can place M/Sgt. Stauss at the wheel of your Ford, yet, can he drive?

Despite the passing of June 5th, the bachelor status of S/Sgt. Carniglia is unchanged, to the keen disappointment of expecting friends.

Is it true that a certain Corporal of Detachment Supply is considering adventures in matrimony?

And has Pfc Paul Lambert forgotten he was to be married last month?

Who says—these famous last words?: "If this situation is not immediately remedied, appropriate measures will be taken."

Is it their love for skating, or is it "certain someones" that takes Pvt. Delillo and Cuozzo to Trenton nightly?

CURTAINS!

OFF THE COB

As one firefly said to another: "You glow your way and I'll glow mine."

* * * *

The lieutenant was giving a lecture on battle psychology. "You have all heard," he concluded, the old saying that you won't get yours until the shell with your name on it comes along--so why worry?"

"Yes, I know," said the private in the last row, "but it's those that are addressed! To whom it may concern' that bother me."

* * * *

Did you hear about the Waac who couldn't sew her stripe on--so a male soldier did it for her?

* * * *

OLD MAID: Has the canary had its bath yet?

MAID: Yes, you may come in now.

* * * *

Believe it or not, it happened in a camp. The bugler came out to sound reveille and there stood all the soldiers who in chorus yelled..... "Surprise."



The soldier who every time, on his income, tries to make both ends meet, some girl steps in between.

* * * *



If a man asks a girl to go for a ride in the country these days, she can be sure it's love.

* * * *

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

CAPTAIN: I hear that new general is very bellicose.

2nd LT: That's funny - I heard he was very thin.

* * * *

Two rabbits escaped from the Medical Center experimental hutch at Ft. Worth, Texas and hit the road, honeymoon bound. They had covered some distance when suddenly back along the trail they heard a baying of hounds.

"Look" said Mr. Rabbit, "we are army-bred and tough; let's fight."

The coy young rabbit bride blushed.

"Let's wait until tomorrow, dear," she said, "and, we'll outnumber them."

* * * *

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

* * * *

A pretty girl kissed a soldier goodby, got on the train, sat down and burst into tears.

Noticing her wedding ring, the conductor was sympathetic.

"My dear lady, does it distress you so much to leave your husband?", he asked.

"I—I—I'm not leaving my husband," she said, "I'm going back to him."

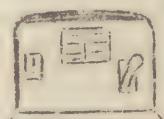


* * * *

Did you hear of the soldier who likes blondes, no matter what color their hair is?

* * * *

Note found on a slot machine: "In case of an air raid, stand by this machine, no one has ever hit it yet."



HERE

& THERE

AROUND

TILTON

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT CONTRIBUTIONS!: In a periodical check-up of the contents of the "TILTON TALK" contribution box just outside the office in Barracks 2, this weary correspondent found the aforementioned box jammed to the lock with the following literary gems of Tilton's creative element:

- 1 Beech Nut gum wrapper
- 1 Berkeley razor blade
- 1 wooden match
- 4 paper matches
- 1 orange seed
- 1 piece of cellophane.

If this situation persists, it won't be long until "TILTON TALK" will be forced to offer money (ugly word, isn't it) for contributions. So, to avoid such an unhealthy situation, how about dusting off the pen and pencil set you got last Christmas and setting it to work on something useful for us to print? Make it about anything you like—poetry, fiction, personal experience, informative articles, barracks incidents, sports, your maiden aunt or what-hive-you, but make it concise and the chances are a million to one that we'll print it **WITH YOUR NAME ON IT, BUD!**

* * * *

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!: These will be familiar words soon, for the drama is coming to Tilton. But don't be dismayed, it will mostly consist of the light and humorous. Pvt. James Walsh, now pioneering in the field, would like everyone to participate, provided you are willing to learn. He will school you in dramatics. Pvt. Walsh has loads of material — plays, scripts, radio programs—all that is needed is the actors who will volunteer during their free time. If you are interested, see our dramatic coach, Pvt. Walsh, in Bks. 2, and he will cooperate and teach you even if you don't have much talent.

MENTAL MEANDERINGS: Pfc. Tony Natale, barber-in-chief of the Dayroom barber shop, as he was applying shaving soap to a soldier's neck and ear region, told me that barbering is the oldest of the professions and the youngest of the arts.

Then he praised barbers, who were the first surgeons, dentists (they were a trifle rough at this stuff, though, weren't they?...Ed.) and bloodletters. As he started to comb the soldier's hair, with that dexterous motion, he added, "Besides, from time immemorial the barber shop has supplied a meeting place for the discussion of political and other controversial issues of the day." In this way, the barber shops, especially those in small towns, became minor town halls where people talked things over in open forum. The soldier stepped from the chair, Natale called "next", and, smiling my way said, "Added to that today's barber even takes care of the soft drinks.

Our barber-in-chief started to clip with the scissors. Talk went about—jokes, rumors and so on; and everybody agreed on the neatness and convenience of the new barber shop.

* * * *

A BOOST IS ALWAYS WELCOME: Since the last issue went "to bed," three promotions among the officers have come along, and we hereby extend somewhat belated congratulations to:

Major John R. Baldes, Adjutant, promoted from Captain
Major E. A. Hanna, Mess Officer, promoted from Captain.
Lt. Col. Harold J. Dunlap, promoted from Major.

Major Baldes' promotion is especially noteworthy because he is the first man in the Medical Administration Corps ever to reach his Majority at Tilton.

Filtonian Verse

ONLY A PRIVATE

I've no bar on my shoulder
Why, I haven't a stripe on my sleeve
I'm just an ordinary soldier
No squawk, gripe, or peevo.

Only a private may not sound like much
And yet there's something hidden there
Something which you can't just touch
Or put your finger on anywhere.

I'm only a private and standing right
up front
Fighting to protect what I know is
right
I'm the guy who receives the brunt
Trying to change the darkness to light.

Yes, I'm the guy and I'm darned proud
I am
I'm fighting for things that I hold
dear
Freedom, Justice, Rights of Man
It's God's side and holds no fear.

Yes, I know I'm here for this
I know my duty well
I don't care what my rank is
I'm here to give those rats hell.

And there are millions more, not only I
All these men feel that way
We're sticking here to do or die
And do we will and folks will say:

These men did it, they won the war;
Won it with their guns and fists
And the world is free to live once more
And I've been one of these, just one
of the privates!

Pfc. Murray Steckman

FREEDOM AND LIBERTY

Declaration of Independence
Is a day for remembrance
A day we set aside
To think and ponder with pride
On, how fortunate we be
To have Freedom and Liberty.

CLASS

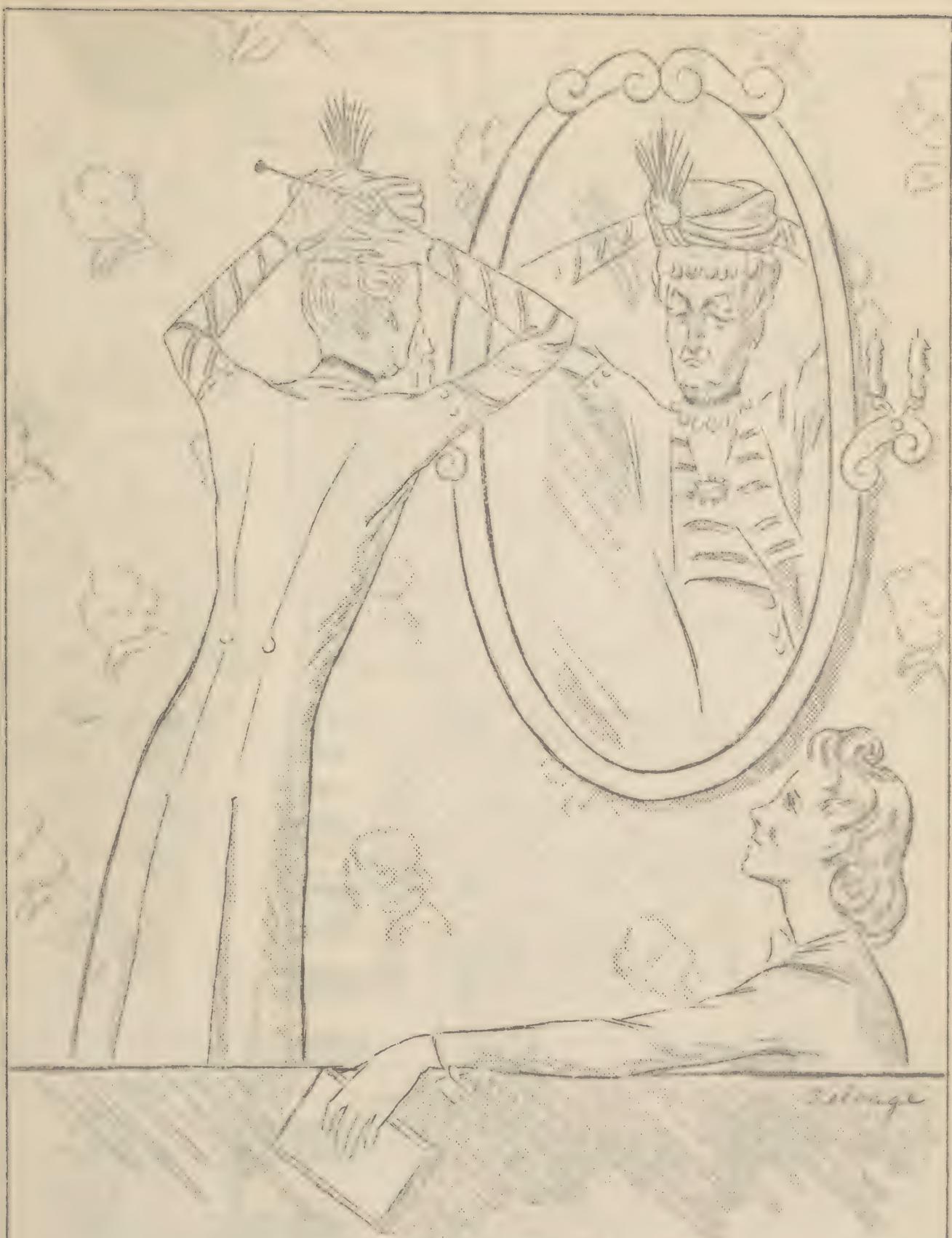
It had been so long since we last had
met
That I scanned the lady from head to toe;
And the well made shoes covering sheerest
net,
Were a priceless match to the chic chaperon.

Her suit was perfectly cut to line,
Adhering at points where the figure spoke.
And it bloomed where apparel should not
confine
A lady's charms — if she would provoke.

She was powdered and rouged - oh, a bit,
And her mascara'd eyes showed a consummate
skill;
This collusion of Nature and make-up kit
Proved she knew her art - as smart ladies
will.

Any man would be proud to proclaim as
his choice
This thing of rare beauty and exquisite
garb;
Yes, that is, till she said in a deep
raspy voice,
Upon meeting, "Hi, Butch, tell me,
how is de mob?"

J. A. Hacker



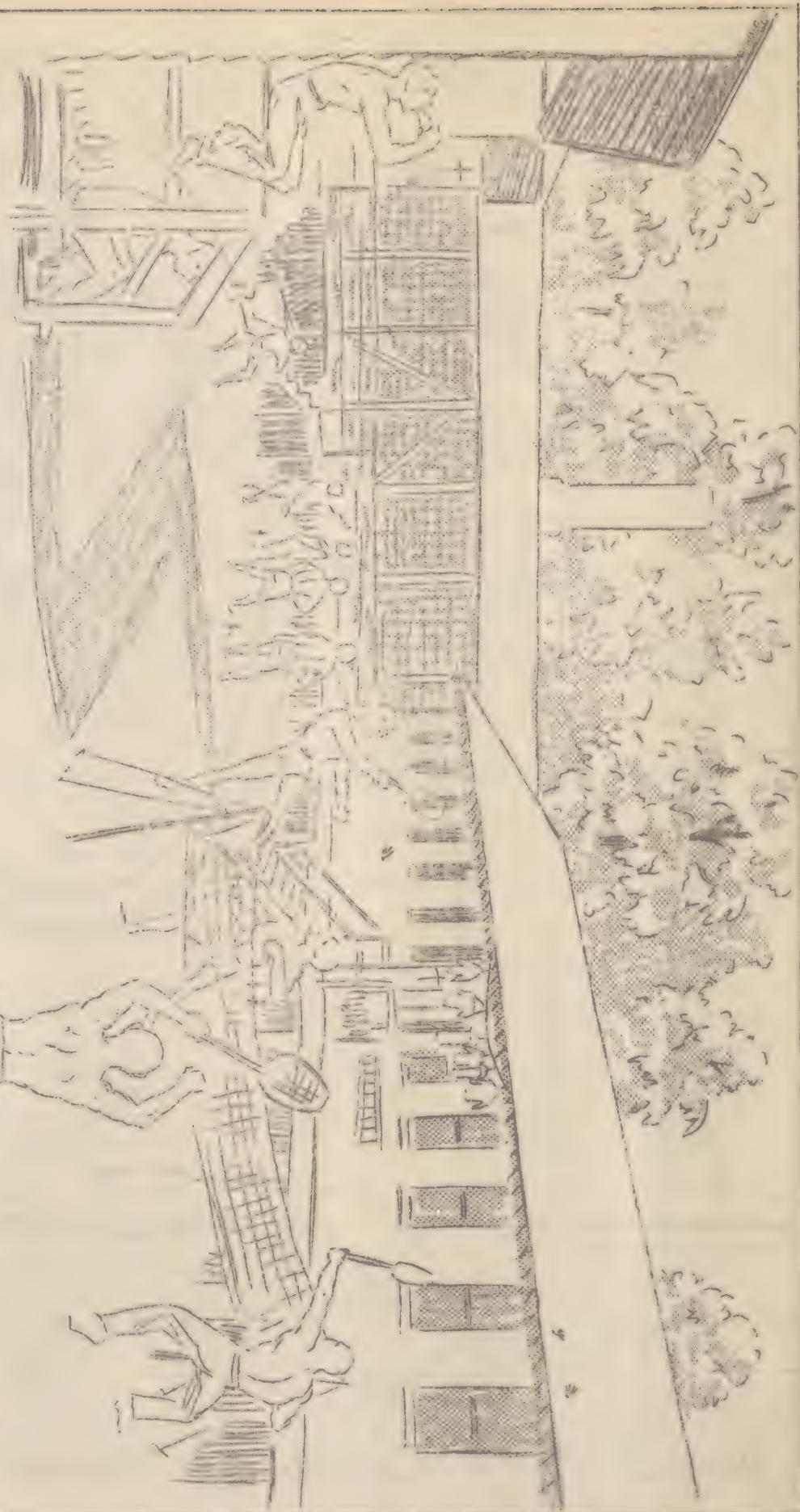
WHO'S CHAPERONING YOU TONIGHT, GRANDMA?

Q. M. BACK YARD

sketch



"End of a Day"



QUARTERMASTER OF QUILL

S/Sgt. Andy
Caetta

We had a swell column written for this issue but we were careless and lost it. We left it on a shelf in the barracks one day and the sun beat down on it with a vengeance all day long and all we could find of the column was some deeply sun-tanned, crispy paper. We hadn't realized it was so hot.

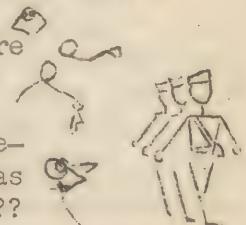


Guess the new coke machine helped alleviate the heat suffering for us. We're sure glad it's a machine that serves them out. No human could stand the continuous demands made on that poor Coca-Cola machine. We understand the number of bottles consumed already compares favorably with the national budget figures.

Those nightly swim sessions have helped too. We hear Al Platzik had a nerve-wracking time at one of those swim fests though. It seems his trunks didn't stand up under the strain. How about that, Al?

Sgts. Young and Haines and Cpl. Guzowski are the envy of the entire outfit. They were selected to attend the NCO advanced school at Camp Lee, Va. There was quite a to-do when the time came to bid them farewell and speed them on their way. The Old Guard really took it hard and we're sure looking forward to seeing them again.

It seems to us that Russ McLaughlin has turned into a home-loving cuss. He doesn't leave the barracks on his off-duty nights as much as he used to. Wonder if orders came from "higher authority"???



Why was Louis Marlett going about with a wide grin spread over his face all day this past Monday? Can't imagine what could have caused it. Of course, it might be the result of some of the "high flying" he's been doing lately, but we're inclined to think it's due to something closer to earth.

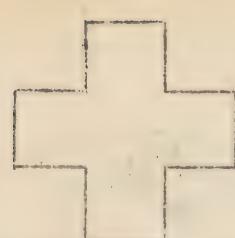
Marshall and McClay figured out a way to get their furloughs without missing each other's company too much. They put in for furloughs at the same time.

The fellows are starting to drift back from the PX now. Wonder what special sale the PX was putting on tonight. We wonder, too, why the married men's mail has increased so much lately.....

By the way, if you fellows feel too tired to make up your beds, why just call on Sgt. J. Cohen and his crew. They'll be glad to oblige.//

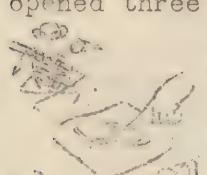
AND SERVE SAME NATION:

Panama City (CNS) — Pvt. Warren J. LeBlanc bumped into Pvt. Guy J. Albanese on the street here the other day. They struck up an acquaintance and discovered — among other things — that they lived next door to each other in South Medford, Mass., worked next door to each other in Boston and had been inducted at Ft. Devens on the same day.



Red Cross

Miss Jeanette
Caldwell


PATIENT ACTIVITIES: In recent issues we have mentioned the craftshop which was opened three months ago. Further news of the craft activities reveals that our room is by no means large enough to hold the leather workers, basket makers, finger painters and every other kind of enthusiast who seems to enjoy dabbling in this sort of thing. In fact, we're now using the hall every afternoon from one to four-thirty, and we always say, the more the merrier.


We are calling for another carpenter to continue working on the doll house for the children's hospital when Ghostlaw returns to active duty. See anyone at the Red Cross if you are interested.

PATIENTS' SHOW: On the evening of June 22, the patients, with the aid of T4G Louis Del Monte and the Tilton General Hospital Orchestra and Sergeant Ed Judge, as master of ceremonies, came through with a wonderful evening of entertainment at the Patients' Recreation Hall.

The show introduced Pvt Hubert Vaughan, a newcomer, whose rendition of "Without A Song" was well received and brought an extra round of applause from the audience. There were also vocal selections by Sgt. George Milne and Ffc. Eugene "Cab" Calloway. Several hilarious skits and bits were ably enacted by Pvt. Dave Lehman, Cpl. John Borcky, and Sgt. Leo Kallejean.

In the second show, another newcomer, Pvt. William Jarman gave a rendition of "Trees" accompanied on the accordian by T4G Lou Del Monte. The hit skit of the evening, however, was "Misfits of the Battery." Pvt. Vaughan, Cpl. Borcky, and Sgt. Kallejean were the misfits.

Patient shows in the future will miss the talented Pvt. Calloway and Sgt. Kallejean, master of ceremonies for three months, who will no longer be with us.

PATIENTS' RECREATION HALL---SCHEDULE OF ENTERTAINMENT

Thursday	July 1:	Progressive Games	Trenton Canteen	
Friday	July 2:	U.S.O. Show--"Breezing Along"	Patients Medical and QM Detachments	6:15 P.M. 8:00 P.M.
Saturday	July 3:	Service Sisters		7:00 P.M.
Sunday	July 4:	American Legion Post #31	Hamilton Township Refreshments, Entertainment, Band.	3:00 P.M.
Monday	July 5:	Movies: "Pittsburgh" (Hall) "Who Done It" (Wards)		5:45 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Tuesday	July 6:	Y.M.H.A. Bingo and Refreshments		7:00 P.M.
Wednesday	July 7:	Movies: "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday" (Hall) "Road to Morocco" (Ward)		5:45 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Thursday	July 8:	Tentative Entertainment		
Friday	July 9:	Philadelphia Council of Defense--Variety Show		7:15 P.M.
Saturday	July 10:	Tentative Entertainment		
Sunday	July 11:	Amateur Hour		7:00 P.M.
Monday	July 12:	Movies: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" (Hall) "The Falcon Strikes Back" (Ward)		5:45 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Tuesday	July 13:	One Act Play---by Patients; Musical Quiz Program		
Wednesday	July 14:	Movies: "Happy Go Lucky" (Hall) "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour" (Ward)		5:45 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Thursday	July 15:	Sisters and Sweethearts of Service Men Refreshments and Entertainment		7:00 P.M.

QUESTION: What feature in "Tilton Talk" do you like best?

Sgt. Fred White: Sgt. Judge's "blob" column.

S/Sgt. Gerald J. Essayan: S/Sgt. Al Ciaburri's intelligent resume of local happenings.

T5G. Edward K. Oates: Fred Ryan's rabbit.

T4G Fred Ryan: The completion of the issue!!

T4G Jack Faden: The cartoons of our artists.

T4G Ben Bernstein: The questions and answers given by our own soldiers on this post.

Pvt. Louis Hummelstein: I enjoy reading the progress of our baseball team.

Pvt. Samuel Weiss: The tintypes of our officers and enlisted men.

T4G Louis Brigliadoro: The poems, and I wish we could have more of them.

T4G Louis Perretti: Things that happen on the post and all the gossip.

Pfc. Casserino (Casey): I like Longo's Letters.

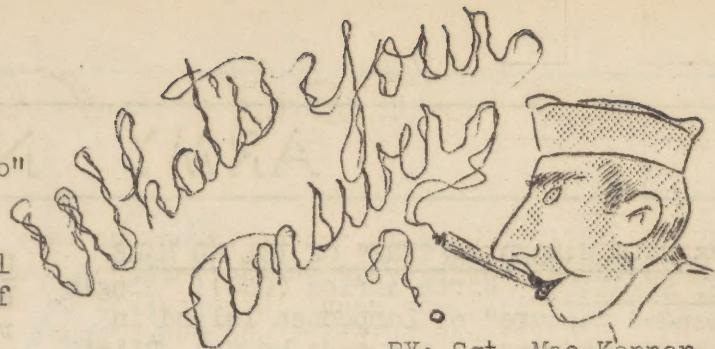
Pfc. Ralph Savarese: I don't miss a page. I enjoy each feature.

Cpl. Joe Prem: "Tilton Talk" is a feature by itself.

Pfc. Stanley Klejst: S/Sgt Caetta's Quartermaster Quill, of course.

T4G Adolph Opitz: The Red Cross page. I am a staunch follower and like to follow their activities.

S/Sgt. Vincent Bowden: I turn to Sgt. Al Ciaburri's column first to get all the dope that I have missed.



BY: Sgt. Mac Konner

Pfc. George Moore: We have a fine sports manager but he deserves more cooperation and he could put the Tilton baseball team on the map.

T4G Henry Smith: I like the whole paper as a whole. Thank you.

Cpl. Mickey Marione: What's What at the Library, especially material most beneficial to my present status. And I find plenty.

1st Sgt. McCarroll: The winning score of our baseball team.

M/Sgt. Lavery: I like the tintypes...

* * * * *

COMBAT GUNNER RETIRED AT RIPE OLD AGE OF 16

North Africa (CNS) - S/Sgt. Clifford R. Wherley of Elmwood, Ill., turret gunner of a Martin Marauder with more than 100 combat hours to his credit, is retiring from the war. Four times decorated, Wherley is being sent back home by parental request. He's only 16.

PORTABLE HANGARS DEVELOPED BY ARMY

Washington (CNS) - The Air Forces and the Engineers have developed portable, easily camouflaged hangars that may be flown to front line airports by airplane. The hangars are made of completely fabricated sections of fire resistant canvas and may be set up in 12 to 18 hours.

* * * *

ARMY NOTES

"SINGLE HANDED CAPTURE" OF ISLAND MADE BY SERGEANT: North Africa (CNS) "Single handed capture" of Lampedusa Island in the Mediterranean was made by Sgt. Pilot Cohen of the Royal Air Force because he was out of gas and had nowhere else to land. Two other enlisted men of the RAF were with him at the time.

Sgt. Cohen was on a rescue mission when his compass "got gremlins." Just as his fuel was running low he landed on the nearest land which turned out to

be Lampedusa, the Italian island under attack by the United Nations. When his plane sat down he and his companions were greeted by the entire Italian garrison which ran up to the ship waving white flags and "surrendering" without even a gesture of resistance.

Bombs were falling and Sgt. Cohen demanded to be taken to the local commander. The CO received the RAF men in a crowded office, and as they talked the air raid made it necessary to light out for the operations room 75 feet below ground level.

The "Ities" begged Sgt. Cohen to fly signed surrender papers to Malta—even giving him gas with which to do it. He went to Tunis because it was closer and could send troops more quickly to occupy the island.

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PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM ENTERTAINS ICELAND TROOPS: Iceland (CNS) — Sgt. Vale Mallick and Cpl. George Paine have built their own public address system here. They build it of discarded wire, a repaired microphone and a homemade phonograph. And now they've planted loudspeakers in two-thirds of their signal unit's barracks and run programs all day long.

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UNRULY BOMB CONQUERED BY FORTRESS CREW: England (CNS) — Flying Fortress was returning from a bombing mission to its home base here when the bombardier noticed a bomb dangling from the bomb rack. The spinner mechanism which explodes the bomb was spinning like a top, threatening to touch off the bomb and blow up the plane.

The bombardier hollered at the top turret gunner who grabbed the spinner and stopped it just as it was about to drop off. Then the gunner grabbed the bomb and lifted it off the shackle while the bombardier tried to cut it loose by turning on the bomb bay release switches. For a minute the bomber crew thought the bomb's jolting against the plane might set it off.

Finally the bomb fell into the ocean.

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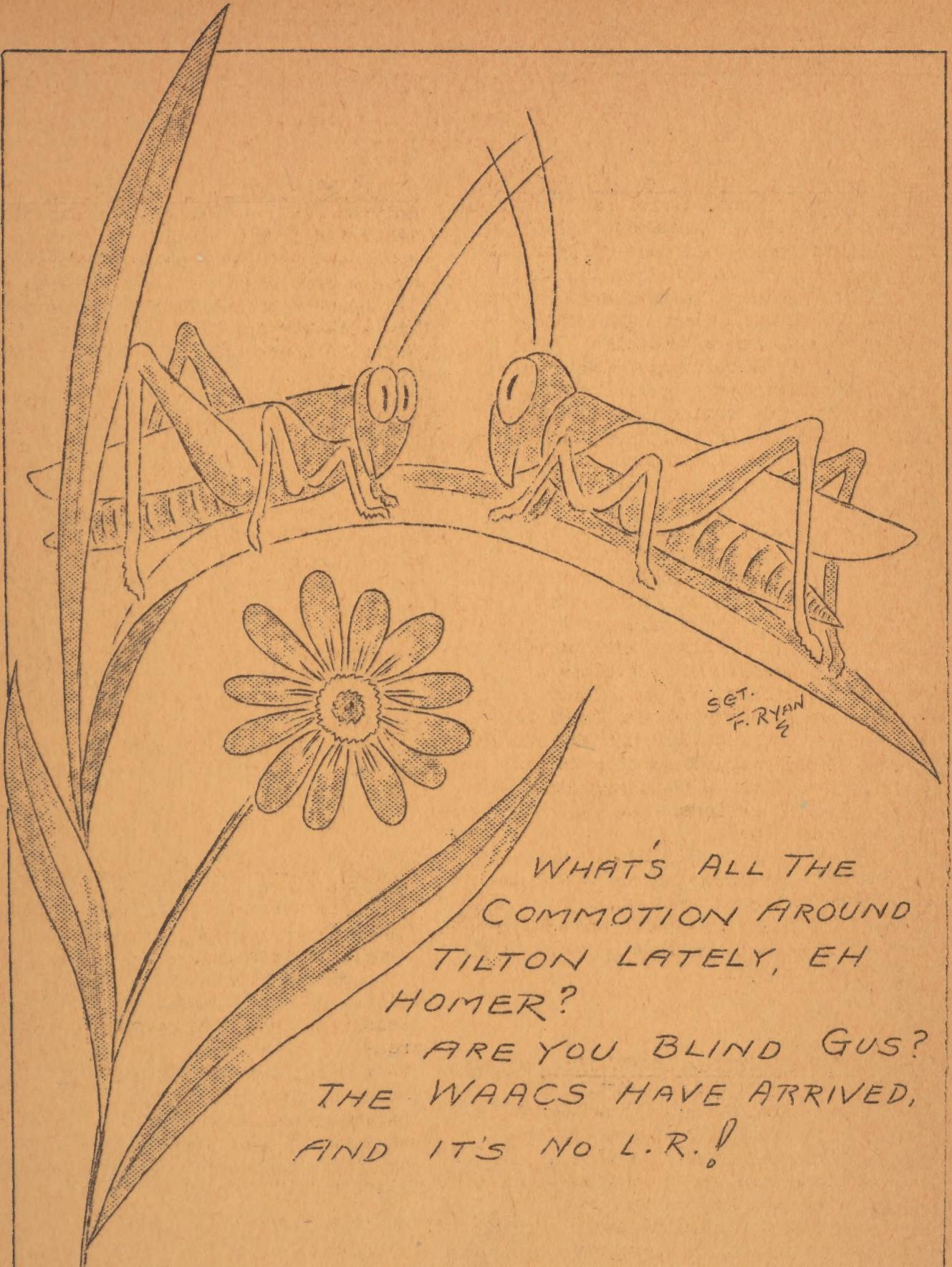
UNEXPECTED GAS ATTACKS AID TRAINING PROGRAM: Camp Stewart, Ga. (CNS) — Invisible tear gas is loosed on troops almost daily without notice as part of a realistic training program here.

Frequently Chemical Warfare Service teams try surprise gas attacks on troops in bivouac areas far from camp. On other occasions the CWS men invade bivouac areas and inspect preparations for chemical attack. In this way troops are kept constantly on the alert for gas.

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Camp Roberts, Cal. (CNS) For weeks Pvt. Phil Ackad pestered his mail clerk for letters. Finally Ackad got one from the mail clerk.



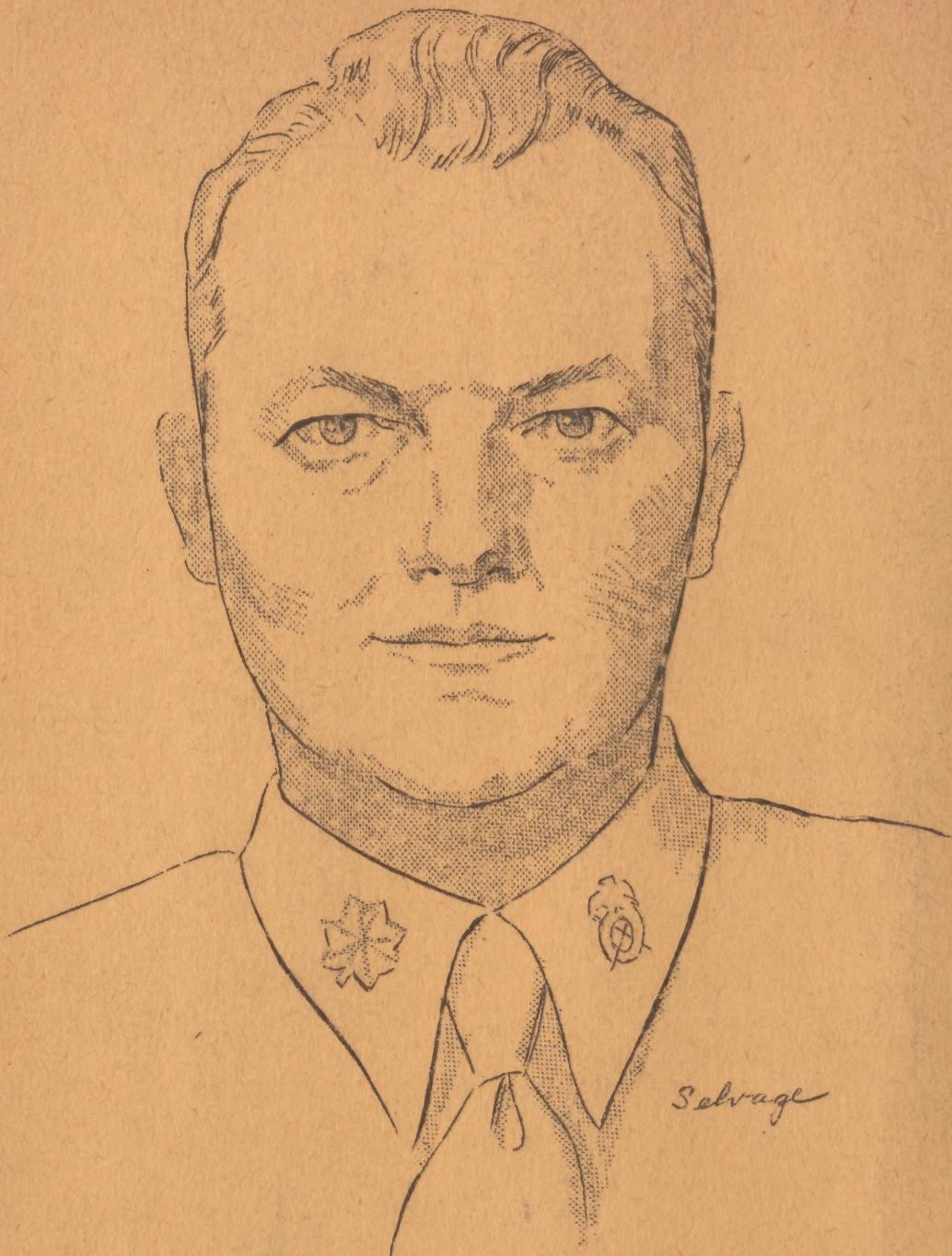


SGT.
F. RYAN

WHAT'S ALL THE
COMMOTION AROUND
TILTON LATELY, EH
HOMER?

ARE YOU BLIND GUS?
THE WAACS HAVE ARRIVED,
AND IT'S NO L.R.!

TILTON PORTRAITS



HAROLD V. FITZGERALD
LIEUTENANT COLONEL, QMC
QUARTERMASTER, TILTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY